

EJ BLAK'S SHORT STORY

THEY ARE

WILLING

As I write this: I feel my cheeks burn. I suppose this resembles what a woman experiences when she first hears a new pulse within her—the pulse of a tiny, unseeing, mini-being. These records are me; and simultaneously not me. And they will feed for many months on my sap, my blood, and then, in anguish, they will be ripped from myself and placed at the foot of the One State.

But I am willing, just as everyone—or almost every one of us. I am willing.

However, while I am willing, this does not mean I have no apprehension about the notion. In fact, I am actually quite nervous. One's turning over to the State is not something to be taken lightly, for it represents the moving on of what ones traditional, childish ideals into a more sophisticated way of life.

Ideals the One State expects us to have.

My calendar crosses off the days as my clock ticks down the minutes until the test is set to start. If one has any respect for their own life (or the life of the One State, for that matter), they would be spending this time preparing for the inevitable exam and their hopeful pass.

So why am I indulging in such activities of the Old World before my most important opportunity to be noticed by the State?

That is a good question, and also one that I unfortunately don't know the answer to. It's not like I've prepared myself enough. There's no such thing as preparing yourself enough.

However, being under-prepared does not mean that I am unwilling. I am willing.

The bell sounds across the ears of the town's children and adolescents, however while this bell refers to the beginning of the school day for most, it refers to the beginning of adulthood for me. As the bell sounds, I'm transported to the examination room, a white seemingly endless room that contains just one opaque rectangular prism standing in front of me. Just like what we were told to do in practice, I make my way to the to the prism and step inside it.

*

*

*

Once inside the prism my mind was wiped to empty. I had transported into a void, in which only my being sat in the middle. When I closed my eyes, white texts appeared on the darkness behind my eyes. As my thoughts ran in my mind, the intended phrases appeared on the blank screen in my view. It ran almost as though it were a command line, with typing what I wanted to occur and then when I opened my eyes seeing that of which I requested in front of me. Seeing that process occur in front of me created what I thought was a brilliant idea in my mind.

Why don't I use this opportunity to create a society that reveres me as a god, one in which I can control all their minds and program them to do as I please when I please?

Sitting in this void, I pondered on the idea of a dome and shortly after it appeared in my midst. It was as smooth, curved, and blank as I thought it out to be. I carefully placed this dome in the middle of this void and immediately placed a second solid sphere inside of this initial dome. Instantaneously, a third sphere appeared from the void. This sphere emanated an intense amount of light. An invisible force gravitated towards my hand and directed me to

situate this sphere so that the initial dome had two distinct sections of darkness and light. Covering the surface of the dome I placed a sky with the intention of containing the life I'm soon to create. Through my subconscious forces, I created animals that can move around and interact with each other. I created plants that stood still and were strong enough to produce the nutrients for all life that were to inhabit my world. Finally, I created humans to live free in this world, using the land to their will and worshipping me until they die.

Mankind worked swiftly to creating tribes and civilisations. In turn, these caused multiple humans to work together to solve a common goal, which also created systems of hierarchy. But after time their thoughts began to stray away from my initial prospects of worship towards me. They began to think more about themselves and their own goals than my notion of my worship and respect. I tried everything I could to control their minds and their thoughts.

I even resorted to taking a majority of the lives away by flooding their towns, cities, and homes. With this, I preserved the lives of those who respected me as I desired this message to be delivered to future generations.

But this did not work.

They continued their path of treachery.

After I'd thought for a long while, I had come to a realisation. If I sent myself down to the world I created, developed a new political system in which I am ruler, they'll be forced into worshipping me. I would make sure they knew that I am their creator. I will reassure each human of their own free will, on the consensus that they

musaccept me as their God. And so, on that night, I made it rain. I travelled down to this terrestrial world. I relinquished my being out of their minds and revealed myself as their creator and God. The ones who were sceptical, who had any thoughts of non-belief flowing through their mind, I merely erased from existence. For those who wanted to stand against me, I erased all of their negative thoughts from their mind. They became puppets for my desire, for my conquest to spread this good news. For those who respected me and worshipped me, I gathered them to act as my army against the other rebels of society. For every newborn, I incepted their minds and programmed each being to worship my power.

Now this is an ideal society.

This is what should happen from the start.

A full collection of people under my rule, with the ability to control them with a single word.

Or even to access their mind with a simple click of a button.

This is what we needed.

They are willing.

*

*

*

Today I awoke, excited to be worshipping Yahweh. While we do it every day, every time it's still just as exciting as the first. I rolled out my bed and began praying, just to make sure Yahweh knows just how much I appreciate him. I put my clothes on for the day and began walking up to the governing building, ready to hopefully receive just a glimpse of Yahweh in all his glory. I, along with the rest

of society, take this journey every day. We all hope that one day we can see the magnificent Yahweh, even if only just for a second.

However, this day had a different trajectory to normal, at least for myself. You see, my boss had been killed yesterday partaking in an activity that is more than horrid (that being talking back to Yahweh), and while he deserved death for such a crime, this means that our business will be shut down for approximately 2 days. This means that for the next 2 days I will have nothing to do during the time of which I usually work. This led me to having a brilliant idea. Well I'm here, at the building of Yahweh, why don't I spend this day trying to find my way inside to meet Yahweh myself.

So, I paced around the perimeter of the building, looking for any opening that would let one in, and lucky for me I'd found one situated at the further side of the building. As I opened the door, I saw something that I would have never expected. Piles of bodies lying on the floor. This would be shocking for most, but upon noticing my recently deceased boss sitting at the top of the pile I realised what this was. This was a pile of those who opposed Yahweh, and so they were here by necessity to keep them away from the tame people of the public (as to not affect our minds with the poison spit of their tongues).

Along the side walls of the building in both directions I saw stairs. I noticed Yahweh's office through the window at the top of the building, this must be the path to his office. Each step towards his office seemed like a deep pulse emanating into my stomach. Each pulse reverberated into my whole body and coincidentally, echoed into my mind. Each of these pulses forced me to think about

nothing else but the fact that right now I am finally going to meet Yahweh after all this time.

Normally, these preceding thoughts would have enticed the minds of any average human. It would have been the climax of one's life. However, in this present moment, none of these thoughts came to mind except for the images of the recently deceased bodies that I observed not too long ago.

Sorrow. Darkness. Empathy.

These all filled my mind as I thought about the families of these deceased bodies.

But should that be? Yahweh always tells us that death is the highest punishment imaginable, and murder is not accepted under any circumstances. Yet I stood next to the pile of bodies, the pile of murder, that Yahweh himself created. But Yahweh is our God, and so if anyone should be able to destroy something it should be the one who created it. But why should he have the right to destroy a life once it has already been dis-attached from himself and become an independent entity. I should be feeling this, and yet it feels wrong that I accept it.

As I try to push these thoughts out of my mind, I heard the booming voice of Yahweh.

"Do you dare challenge my actions? You dare question me? Let me ask you, where were you when I lay down the foundations of the Earth? Where were you when I measured each dimension, when I stretched its line upon it? What were you doing when I laid its cornerstone and when the morning stars sang together for all the heavenly beings? Did you open the gates towards the flooding of the

ocean upon the shores of the Earth? You, mere mortal soul, incapable of understanding my plan of the universe. You deserve the same fate as the rest of them."

*

*

*

One's perception of my brilliant mind is limited only by what they can comprehend. When one can't comprehend my mind, they're spreading their poison from the depths of their own mind into the ears of followers.

We can't have this in my perfect society.

We can't have such distance from superiority living in my society, because the society I created is perfect.

The problem is just that some of them don't understand.

They are willing.

They are willing.

They are willing.